



The World

Perfection is not of this world

The world is but the shadow of a cloud, and the dream of a sleep; joy and sadness mingled; honey and poison

The 'bosom' of the earth is dead, and its 'back' is sick

The inhabitants of the earth are only dogs barking, and annoying beasts. The one howls against the other. The strong devour the weak; the great subdue the little. They are beasts of burden; some harnessed, the others at large.

By God, the world, in my eyes, is more to be condemned than the meatless bone of a pig in the hands of a leper; it is less than a leaf in the mouth of a grasshopper.

The world is dwelling surrounded by scourges, and heaped with perfidy. Its state endures not, and all who come to it perish

The world is a dwelling degrading to its owner, where the lawful is mixed with the unlawful, good with evil, sweet with bitter

Look upon the world with the eye of the cloistered ascetic; not as one loving it blindly

O World! Deceive someone else. I need thee not; thrice have I repudiated thee; marry thee will I never more.

The world is like a serpent; its touch soft, but its bite mortal.

Unknown